STRADAS Musical Duel;

IN LATINE,

Much Enlarg'd in Englisth:

By the Addition of several *Traverses* between the *HARPER* and *NIGHTINGALE*;

TOGETHER WITH

A more particular Account of the Issue of the

CONTEST.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. W.* for *William Gilbert*, at the Half Moon in St. *Pauls* Church-yard; 1671.

STRADA'S

Musical Duels;

INCLUDING

Medal Engraved in English:

By the Addition of Essential Travel, Between the

TOGETHER WITH

CONTESSE.

THE STATIONER To the Reader.

Conſulting mine own, and ſeveral Muſical Friends eaſe and freedom from farther trouble in tranſcribing of Copies; and withall deſigning ſome ſmall Advantage to my ſelf by the Impreſſion; I have thus adventur'd the Publication of this harmleſs Divertiſement; no leſs expoſing my ſelf to the Cenſure of the AUTHOR, *than his* POEM *to the Judgment of others, whether* POETS, *or* MUSICIANS; *and wiſh I were as well ſecur'd as to my hope of Pardon from him, as he againſt his fear of being condemn'd by them.*

 W. G.

THE

STATIONER

To the Reader.

Strada's Muſical Duel,

IN LATINE;

Firſt imitated in *Engliſh* by Mr. *Craſhaw*, then by Mr. *Hinton*; and now by a *third Hand* ſo *enlarg'd*, and the whole Frame of the *Poem* ſo alter'd, that little of *Strada* is preſerv'd, ſave onely the *Scene*, and *Iſſue* of the *Duel*: All in a more familiar Style than that of *Claudian* imitated by *Strada*.

THe Sun the *youthful Morn*, and *mid-ag'd Day*
Had made; now ſtoopt in *Evenings* elder Ray;
When, cloſe by *Tiber*, on a turf-pil'd Plat,
Under a well ſpread *Oak's* cool ſhadow, ſat
The *Owner*, and (what's more) the *Maſter* too
Of a ſweet *Harp*; a Harp that well might go

A Muſical Duel.

For *Miſtreſs* of all Harps; his skilful *Hand*,
As well as that his *Thoughts*, could *underſtand*;
And, what ſhe underſtood, as well *expound*
In the ſweet *Language* of all *Artful* Sound. (poſe,
To give long troubled thoughts ſome ſhort re-
This *Inſtrument*, this *Time*, this *Place* he choſe.
The *Inſtrument*, ſuch thoughts as he ſhould treat 'em
With *grave* to humor, with *ſprack Air* to cheat 'em:
The *Time*, if *old Cares* might their heat allay
By ſympathy with the *old-growing* Day:
The *Place*, that Accents utter'd on the Brim,
Might ore-thwart-down-up-ſtream long briskly
A *Wood-ſide*, that what enter'd ſingle ſound, (ſwim.
Might thouſand *Eccho's* multiply'd rebound.
Nor doth the Place *defeat*, but *over-do*
His thoughts; gives with thoſe *Helps* a *Rival* too.
For as, this ſlack'ning, ſcrewing that ſtring higher,
He, to his humor, *tun'd* his plyant *Lyre*;
A *Wood-bred Syren* hearing (*Syren* ſhe
As harmleſs, as the *Sea-breed* hurtful be;

A Musical Duel.

(A *Man* but by the *Ear* takes, those trapan,
And by the *Ear alone* take the *Whole Man.*)
A *Nightingale*, the *Queen* of a sweet *Quire*,
Her *Empire* deems invaded by the *Lyre.*
Upon the *Frontiers* therefore bent to try
Her now, ne'er till now, *doubtful Destinie;*
The same *Oak* chose, her *Ambush*, and her *Cage;*
And so of this fam'd War the honor'd *Stage.*
Hence runs she ore the *Gammut* of her throat,
And throws the *Harper* back each *tuning* Note.
Prevents her *Season* to accept his *Time*,
And the proud *Challenge* of his *Lyrat* Chime.
The startled *Harper*, thus *alarm'd*, forth sends
Oft well-try'd *Forces* to his *Fingers ends;*
Instructs his *Harp*, at a strange skilful rate,
The *Warlike Trumpet* first to imitate; (heard
And found her own *Charge:* straight, amaz'd, he
The *Mock* to his *Mock-Trumpet* from the *Bird.*
(The *Mock-Marine* from that her *Mock* invented,
But one *Chord* bears, with many a *Fret* indented.)

Next

A Muſical Duel.

Next a ſwift *Prelude* up *Forlorn* he brings,
And *lightly* skirmiſhes o're all his *ſtrings*.
The *Bird* too her *light-harneſt* Notes forth ſent,
And his bore back down to the *Inſtrument*.
But then of *Muſick's* War begins the *Dance*,
When *Suits* of *Leſſons*, as his *Groſs*, advance;
Baſes and *Trebles*, with their *Flats* and *Sharps*,
The *Wood* reſounds as all her *Trees* were *Harps*:
Enough to make the *Bird* ſuſpect, all made
To her *Oak*-Ambuſh, *Counter*-Ambuſcade.
But unſurpriz'd ſhe lab'ring all her throat,
(Her *Foe* her *Judge*) returns him all his Note;
The *Wood* more than all hers. He much admires
One ſingle Bird *Eccho'd* to many *Quires*:
Much more one ſmall throat fully anſwering
The *Harp's* profuſe Variety of *String*;
And his of *Touch*; the *Tuning*, *Cliff*, *Key*, *Mood*,
The *Time* he choſe, all by her *Voice* made Good.
The *Leſſons* he, oft ſeen, with much Pains learn'd,
She, at firſt hearing, *True*, *Clean*, *Sweet* return'd.

With-

A Musical Duel.

VVithout Book *Pavin*-Grand Pas, *Almain*-Trot,
And the *Coronto*-Amble so soon got.
Knew the False-Gallop of the *Saraband*:
And could the Full-Speed of the *Figg* command.
VVhat *Lessons* e're he play'd, *sung* to the *Life*.
Wisely then stints he this vain Part of Strife.
When ready-prest close *Composition*
No whit advanc'd his *War*; he thought upon
(His sweet *Bird-Rival* so to over-pow'r;
And sink her in as *smart*, as *sweet* a Show'r)
His free loose *Voluntaries*; in which kind
He play'd as soft as *Air*, as swift as *Wind*.
As 'tis with some *Extemporary* Wits;
His *sodain* better were than *studied Hits*.
Their *Vortices* with swift hand stir'd, then he
Musick's loose *Atomes*, in sweet *Harmony*,
By *Casual Concurse* blends; far above theirs,
In all, but *Posture*, who the well-tun'd *Spheares*
Whirl in unceasant *Round*; leaving no place
For his *Decorum*, and well-order'd *Grace*.

A Musical Duel.

Of *Pause* and *Rest*; which *Play* as much commend
As good *shade* Beauty doth to *Picture* lend.
As *Parts*, and *Limbs* not more regarded be,
Than their due *Distance*, in just *Symmetry*.
Nay *Parts* of *Musick* these, though not of *Sound*;
The *Chinks* of this to *fill* up that were found;
And the discreeter *Silence* of his Strings,
As grateful, as their sweetest *Prattleings*.
Nor *sodain Non-plus* was his *sodain Pause*.
Judgment as quick as *Phansie*, here gave *Laws*;
As in his *rash Play*; which *bold*, not *blind* was;
Was rashly *skilful*, skilfuly was *rash*:
All like it *self*, and *him*. But though this *Knack*
Had *Idoliz'd* him, with no Common Pack
Of unskill'd *Harpers*; Yet he straight shall know,
He here mistook his *Weapon*, and his *Foe*:
Who hath him now at her wish'd Lock; for he
Using his looser *Freedom*, so doth she.
In *Art*, or *Honor* deems her self no more
Bound to Returns in *Specie*, as before.

But

But, on good Ground, from *Air*, and *Accent* varies
(They had not else to her been *Voluntaries*)
Giving him so to understand, that she
Invention had, as well as *Memorie*.
No Deaf-born *Don* was, who in better Tone
Could others Words *repeat*, than *speak* his own.
Yea, lets him see, but see full sore agast,
He here attacq't Musick's *Enthusiast*.
So her own *Poet*, so her own free *Muse*;
That, she her self *encag'd*, her Song is *loose*.
The little *Saw* on her part more than good:
She's *born* the *Poet*, and *Muse* of the *Wood*.
Other *inspir'd* ones Rapture wait from far;
And sometimes long; her *Inspirations* are
Her *Nature*; still *within*; as near *at hand*
As she her self; still ready *at Command*.
She, when she please, her self can, in a trice,
Ravish in *Musick's* sweetest *Rhapsodies*:
And pleaseth now to do so; first to fill
Her little *Breast*, the *Store-house* of her *Bill*,

A Muſical Duel.

With ſweeteſt *Breath*; then ſend it up to that
So ſweetly Chirping *Natu'ral-Flagellat*:
To be carv'd out in as ſweet *Tones* of *Voice*:
And ſo't ſtraight was; in thouſand *Wild notes* choice
Far above thoſe of *Art*; as, if the ſame
For *kind*, *Wild Fowl* much ſweeter is than *Tame*.
Firſt long *unwrinkled* Threads of Voice ſhe ſpun:
Shorter next drew, and *finer* many a one.
Theſe finely twiſted then ſo *cuts* and *ſhreads*,
All, but as Ends, appears of thoſe fine Threads.
The firſt was *Nature's Plain-Song*, and her *Grounds*;
The next her *Deſcant*, laſt *Diviſions*.
Yea, all theſe ſhe ſo *blends*, as her ſmall Breaſt
Had been of all ſiz'd *Viols* a full *Cheſt*:
And all *together* ſounding in the Hands
Of (for all *Parts*) beſt ſkill'd *Muſicians*.
For ſhe as well as they, due *Time*, and *Place*
Knew for ſweet *Reliſh*, and all other *Grace*.
In *Dropping* Notes her *Voice* would ſwifter glide,
Than boldeſt *Hand* on *Strings* could Poſting Ride.

But

A Muſical Duel.

But above all, when on a *Note* ſhe hit,
That highly pleaſ'd, ſhe would ſo *gargle* it
In a long-winded *Trill*; as loath to part
With ſo much ſweetneſs; *Nature* prompting *Art*.
Sweet Draughts ſo *Drunkards* on their *Throat-brim* treat:
Gluttons roul or'e their *tongues* Teat-bits of meat.
Here (the Birds *Honor* bad her not repeat)
The herein baffl'd *Harper* ſounds *Retreat*.
But ſuch *Retreat* he made, as Men deviſe
For longer *Leaps* to take a better *Riſe*.
Such, as for *Flight* in other Wars they feign,
With more Advantage to *fall on* again.
So acts our *Harper*; whoſe *Retirements* be
But from looſe *Phanſie*, to faſt *Memorie*.
When having ſome while run, and ranſack'd o're
That *Treaſury* of much well-order'd *Store*:
I ha't, he cry'd; *Wood-Cithariſt*, I come
With *Off'ring* either for thy *Shrine*, or *Tomb*;
As thou reply'ſt; of Croſs-grain'd *Brawls* a *Suit*,
Which ſhall as croſſly *finger'd*, ſtrike *thee* Mute;

A Musical Duel.

Or else my *Harp*; whose *next* great task must be
Proud *Triumph*, or her *last*, sad *Obsequie*.
With that, Cross *Tunings* to Cross *Fingerings*,
Cross Fing'rings fitting to his *Cross tun'd* Strings;
He Cross-grain'd *Brawls* performs at such a Rate,
His *Harp* seems but a sweeter *Belin's-Gate*.
The big budg Base grunts, grumbles, growls, and groans
'Gainst the shrill *Treble* all his surly Tones.
The *slender*-waisted *Treble* Chirping Chides,
And from her high-rais'd *Perch* gibing derides
The Churlish Base. These Jarrings he makes fall
In Tones of right *Hermaphroditish* Brawl,
'Twixt Man and *Woman*. Nor so ends the Brangle;
But Base with Base, *Treble* with *Treble* wrangle.
Two sullen Bases, twixt two Men as surly,
He makes to represent the Hurly-Burly:
Thick, growling Tones of foul-mouth'd words a Throng,
And lusty Thumps the sturdy Blows among.
Trebles alone then skilfully he moulds
To the right *Accents* of mere *Women-Scolds*:

Their

A Muſical Duel.

Their *Tunings*, far from *Uniſons*, deſigns
For imbred *Diſcords* in the *Female Minds*.
When *touch't*, their *jarring Accents* aptly meant
The *Quarrels* of *She-Tongues* to repreſent.
Upon a *ſofter* touch *ſubmiſſer* Jarrings,
Before they *bark't*, the *Dogged* Womens *Snarlings*.
When *harder* Strokes yet *harſher* Jars out-hammer;
This ſpake the Scolding womens *lowder Clamor*.
Many ſuch Strings *together* when he'd ſtrike;
Confus'd Brawls of *more* Scolds *at once* 'twas like.
Ill *names* when try'd, the Strings knowing him *mean*
VVould *ſay*, *ye filthy Jade! ye dirty Quean!*
Yea, *Pinching* of ſuch jarring Strings he'd ſhew
Scratchings, as well as *Scoldings*, of that Crew.
Streight *rudelyer* handled put 'em to ſuch *Squeeks*,
As would exactly render Female *Shrieks*.
Some ſhort *Pauſe* made, to work *agen* he'd go:
Juſt as ſuch *Scolds*, when *out of breath*, will do.
And then (his *Maſter-piece*) this *Level-coil*
Of *threefold* Scold he blends in *one* great *Broil*.

Yet

A Muſical Duel.

Yet ſo, as all *together* heard at *once*,
Are heard *apart* too in their *ſeveral* Tones. (ing
The *Man* with *Man*, the *Man* with *Woman* hold-
Their *Brawl* on foot; *Woman* with *Woman* ſcolding;
The *laſt* the *lowd'ſt*. All this of *Vocal* Strife
On one poor ſingle *Harp* done to the *Life*.
The *Harper's Hands*, than the *Harp's Strings* no leſs
Striving, which all this *Strife* could beſt expreſs.
His *Thoughts* too with his *Hands* contending; they
Beſt to *inſtruct*, and theſe beſt to *obey*.
He laſt of all *Tenor*, and *Mean* ſends in,
To *cloſe* the *Ruptures* of this *Brawling* Din.
The *Tenor* he too *partially* doth lean
Unto the Neighb'ring *Baſe*; but the *juſt Mean*,
As *Equal* in *Reſpect*, as *Poſture*, tries
To bring the two *Extremes* to *Comprimiſe*.
Nor tries in vain; abating Neither's *Noiſe*,
He tempers both in due *Harmonious* Poiſe.
The well-pleaſ'd *Strings* awhile Congratulate
This *late* Return to their *old* Friendly State.

Who,

A Muſical Duel.

Who, whenſoe'er this *Mock-Brawl* they begun,
Still fear'd a *Real Feud* e're they had done.
Like *Feſting* Quarrel mannag'd among Friends,
Till *Feſting* in an *Earneſt* Quarrel ends.
The *Harper* too breaths now a freeer *Aer*:
And all, but 'twixt the *Bird* and him, is fair.
His *Stormie* Soul *recalm'd*, he *quiet* lies:
Liſt'ning what his *Antagoniſt* replies.
Alas! his *troubled thoughts* were ſo *transfer'd*
To the as *Reſtleſs* now, as *Reſtie* Bird;
She fills her *Bag*; and *blows*, and *blows*; but brings
Forth Nothing, beyond ſofter *Murmurings*.
Sweet little *Soul!* ſhe had accuſtom'd long
To pleaſant *Air*, and well-tun'd peaceful *Song*.
But could not tune her prettie *Pipe* at all
To the *Croſs-Capers* of ſuch *Jarring Brawl*.
No leſs to Jarr the *Mock* at loſs for *Strings*,
Than of the *Real* one for *Humorings*.
Her Hopes all *ruin'd* thus, beyond *Repair*;
Her tender *Breaſt*, with *Thorns* of black Deſpair,

A Muſical Duel.

She *prick't*, and *pierc't* through feels; not ſuch, as ſhe
Uſ'd to *awake* her to her *Melodie*:
But ſuch, wherewith her *Airie Soul* oppreſt
Is *Silenc'd* in Eternal *Pauſe*, and *Reſt*.
Affording not ſo *Muſical* a Throat
For her own *Requiem* one *Fun'eral* Note.
Deſpairing then of *rallying* Force to ſtand
Such freſh *Reſerves* of that all-pow'rful *Hand*:
Deſpairing with her *Foe* t' prevail to *yield*,
Or with her *Honor* ſo to *quit* the *Field*:
Her *Soul* reſolv'd into that finer *Ae'r*,
And ſweeter *Number* it's *Ingredients* were.
Her ſmall *Corps* on the *Harp* drops *breathleſs* down:
That *undue* TROPHEE was no *unmeet* TOMB.
APOLLO's *Prieſt* here, with due *Burial* Rite,
Doth MELODY to MELODY commit.
The Harp now lays her *Emulation* by:
Nor Glories in the *Pride* of *Victorie*,
But in the *Spoil*; Acceſs the *Dead Corps* brings,
Embalm'd in it's own *Sweetneſs*, to her *Strings*.

The

A Muſical Duel.

The *Soul* too, firſt *retriv'd*, anon *retir'd*
Into the *Harp*; which ſweetly thus *inſpir'd*
Needs no more FILL of other *Vocal Tone*:
It ſelf is VOICE, and INSTRUMENT in *One*.

And ſo at Once both *Rings* the *Fun'eral Peal*,
And *Sings* the *Requi'em* of ſweet PHILOMEL.

HAd the *Author propounded* CLAUDIAN'S *Lofty Stile for his* Imitation *in* Engliſh, *as* STRADA *did in* Latine, *he would have begun thus*:

THe SUN Noon-*Throne* deſcending had laid by
His ROYAL *Robes* of *higheſt* MAJESTY;
And in a *thinner* Garb of *milder* Ray,
With *headlong* Courſe, run the *laſt* Stage of Day.

And ſo have proceeded accordingly: But deſigning onely innocent Drollery, *choſe a* Verſe *nearer* Burleſque *or* Lampoon, *as fitter for that purpoſe.*

FINIS.